A HISTORY OF JOHN H. L. CLEGG AND MARTHA ELLEN SMITH

by Ruth Clegg Wimer
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Anna my dear, this time last year my son thou didst bring forth;
It cost thee pain - him to obtain, but say, what is his worth!
Is golden ore, or pearls still more, with John to compare.
Oh no, my dear, me thinks I hear thy voice these words declare,
"My lovely son, my lovely son, to me thou art a treasure -
That doth me pay in every way affording lasting pleasure."
God give him health and peace and wealth, and bless him with long life.
And may his days be spent in praise and guarded from all strife.
If I a wish could get - is this - To take him in my arms and have a kiss
That kiss together we can embrace his mother, then after this he'll have a sister or a brother.

This bit of prose was written by Henry Clegg to his wife, Ann Lewis, one year after the birth of John Henry Lewis Clegg, my father. Now I shall attempt to write a history of my parents - John H. L. Clegg and Martha Ellen Smith. I have gathered information from relatives of my parents, my own immediate family, and historical data found in records. It would be only natural that I write of the parentage of my father's and mother's parents. I, with my brother and sisters, am most proud to be a descendant of such noble ancestors.

Let me begin on my paternal side. Henry Clegg, my grandfather, was born June 7, 1825 in Bamberbridge, Lancashire, England. His parents were Henry Clegg, born August 4, 1788, Walton C Dale, England; and Ellen Cardwell born April 15, 1788, Walton C Dale, England.

Henry Clegg and his brother Johnathan, immigratod to America in 1855. They were in the Richard Ballantyne Company. The members of this company came to Utah as new members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Grandfather and his brother Johnathan heard the messionaries preach the gospel and believed in it. It is though that Heber C. Kimball was the elder who baptized these two young men. The story has been told that, after a meeting which the elders were holding, some people expressed a desire to be baptized. The officiating elder remarked he would baptize the first one to reach the river's edge.

A young man, by the name of Watt and my grandfather raced to see who would reach the spot first. The distance was not far, but the Watt boy won the race. So my grandfather was the second person to be baptized in England. Grandfather was only 12 years old when the missionaries came to England, but by the time he was 23 he had joined the church - March 5, 1848. (Baptized by his brother Johnathan and confirmed by Elder John Halsall, March 5, 1848). He had married Hannah Eastham and was planning and waiting for the day when they could come to America. My greatgrandfather never realized his dream of coming to America, but Grandfather Henry, and his brother Johnathan, who had married Ellen Wormsley, left Liverpool, England on March 31, 1855. They booked passage on the ship Juventa. It was a long ocean voyage - taking six weeks to reach Philadelphia. From here they went to Pittsburg, then by steamer to St. Louis where they joined the Richard Ballantyne Company of 402 saints. With 45 wagons, and oxen to pull them, they began their trek across the plains. Grandfather Clegg was a well-to-do merchant of shoes, and a clog manufacturer. His father had been in the same business before him. Before their departure for America, Grandfather and wife Hannah had been blessed with three sons - Thomas, Israel, and Henry James. Thomas had lost his life in an accidental fire, 1846, so the journey to America was made by father, mother and two sons. The travel was too hard to bear for Hannah, and she succumbed to the hardships while crossing the plains in Kansas. She died May 28, 1855 and was buried at Mormon Grove, near Atchison. Shortly afterwards the young son, Henry James, age three, died. It has been told me that the body was placed in the same grave as that of his mother, Hannah Clegg. My grandfather and his young son, Israel, who was 6 years old, continued on the thousand mile trek to Utah. A big party was given them and the entire company upon arrival in Salt Lake City. A great time of rejoicing was experienced by those who had survived the journey, and had arrived safely in the tops of the mountains. It was during this welcoming of the Saints that Grandfather first saw his wife-to-be, Ann Lewis. She was a girl

of nineteen, was a good singer and no doubt helped a great deal in the celebration.

Ann Lewis was born June 25, 1836 in Cardiff, Wales. Her parents, John A. Lewis and Ann John, were well-to-do people. Ann perhaps had many luxuries in her home in Wales. Her mother died at the age of 33, and later her father married a Pricilla Phillips (widow with one daughter). John A. Lewis had been a Methodist minister but, when he heard the message of the gospel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints that the elders preached, he became converted to that faith. He sold everything he had so he could come to America. He not only had sufficient means to emigrate his own family, but he made it possible for, and supplied the monies, etc. to bring twenty five other Welch families to America. John A. Lewis and family arrived in America in 1854. They came a southern route, having had to sail up the Mississippi River via steamer. They joined the Captain Darwin Richards Company, arrived in Utah September 30, 1854.

Ann Lewis had to sacrifice a great deal in the poineer life in the West. She was a very proud lady, and no doubt, was humiliated many times at the clothes she had to wear - but it was all she could afford to purchase. She was a talented lady, especially in the musical field. She was a leader in the social life of the community as well as in the religious life. As was mentioned above, Henry Clegg first met Ann Lewis during the celebration in Salt Lake City of the Ballantyne party, of which Henry Clegg was a member. The meeting was almost love at first sight because on December 31, 1855 Henry Clegg and Ann Lewis were married. The marriage was performed in the home of Mr. Hughes by Elder John Nebeker. They lived in a log house in Salt Lake City on a corner where the U. S. Federal Building now stands, 4th South and Main St. F

Grandfather was truly happy in his new home and family life. He missed his own family in England however. We find these words of a poem which he wrote to his father, mother, brother, and sister who had remained in England.

Dear father, though I am far away, I often think of you,
And of your daily welfare pray, and for my mother's too.
'Twas not for gold or worldly pride I left my parents, dear-
It was the gospel to obey, and all its laws revere.

Then parents, dear, mourn not for me, you'll find that all is right-
Although at present things may look as dark as the midnight.
Remember how old Jacob mourned when Joseph was away-
He thought that wild beast had him torn, and made of him their prey.

But still, you'll find that all was well, God caused it to be done.
In order to prepare the way when famine there should come.
Even so, the Lord hath sent me here a Sacior for to be
Unto my father's household and all their ancestry.

Then brother Thomas, turn to God, and His commandments keep,
And love your earthly parents, dear, for soon in dust they'll sleep
Be always ready to assist and give them what they need
And God will bless you in your store and prosper you indeed.

My sister Betsy, she is poor and delicate in health
But still she's got an honest heart - worth more than fame or wealth.
And so has sister Alice, too - God bless her with long life -
May she and William rest in peace and ease their cares and strife.

I love you all, you're more to me than all of this world's wealth.
May God protect and keep you safe and bless you all with health.
And if you think the same of me, one thing I hope you'll do -
That is - look to our parents will and I'll look to you.

In the household of Henry and Ann Clegg was a young lady by the name of Margaret Ann Griffiths. It has been told that Brigham Young asked, via letter, Henry Clegg to take another wife. He was now a prosperous man in the community, and could afford to support another wife. The church at this time, was practising polygamy. After praying about the problem and request and discussing it between themselves it was agreed by both grandfather and grandmother that he should marry Margaret Ann Griffiths. So on August 14, 1857 Henry Clegg and Ann Lewis were sealed in the endowment house and Margaret Ann Griffiths became Henry's third wife the same day. This ceremony was performed by Brigham Young. In the meantime a son had come to bless the home of Henry and Ann Clegg. That son was my father who was given the name of John Henry Lewis Clegg. He was born in a log cabin on 4th South and Main St. in Salt Lake City, as was described above. I must tell a

little about Grandmother Maggie, as we called Margaret Ann. She was born April, 15, 1840 in Liverpool, England. Her parents were John Griffiths and Margaret Griffiths (same name but no relation). She died in Heber, Utah July 29, 1929. Her life was one of hardship especially for the first few years in Zion. She, with her father, step mother and two brothers and sister Jane came over from England and joined the Edward Martin Handcart Co. In August 1853 John Griffiths and second wife, Elizabeth Webb, (first wife, Margaret died in 1853 leaving four children - Margaret Ann, John, Herbert Lorenzo, and Jane Elenor) joined the church and prepared to take the trip to Zion. They sailed on the ship Horizon to Boston, Mass., June 28, 1856. From here they went to Florence, Iowa where they waited a month for hand carts to be made. On September 1, 1856 they left for Utah - pulling the hand carts. John died of starvation (12 years old) and two weeks later Herbert Lorenze (7 years old) died near Sweet Water River, Independance Rock. The others arrived in Utah Territory on November 30, 1856 after suffering terribly while
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crossing the plains. The night they arrived John Griffiths died. Kind people took the other members in and cared for them (step mother and two girls). Later they had to work for a living. Grandma Maggie had to push a handcart most of the way while crossing the plains. She was a good singer also, she and Grandma Clegg would entertain at parties and meetings with their singing. They participated in games such as charades, and acted more like sisters than the wives of the same man. Each wife had a separate home to live in and Grandfather divided his time between his two families. He was a farmer and merchant. Many families, at the request of Brigham Young, and because Johnson's Army was on its way to Utah to 'crush the Mormons', moved to other places. Henry Clegg, with his two wives and two sons - Israel and John - moved to Springville in the year 1858. Here they suffered many hardships - at times not knowing where their food would come from. It is told that as Grandma Ann stood in her doorway or near the door, a hawk fell

from the sky and alighted on her shoulder. She picked it up and seeing it was not injured, she prepared it for the dinner that evening. They were very grateful for that because that was all they had to eat. Truly Providence was kind to them that day! The families needed more land to grow their grains and vegetables and to rear their families, so they decided to move from Springville. Levan, Utah was chosen as a likely spot, but through the pleadings of Johnathan Clegg, (brother of Henry) they concluded to move to Heber, Utah. The families lived with Johnathon for awhile until Grandfather built a home on North Main St. The Turner Oper House, a land mark for many years was built there later. Grandfather Clegg was an active man in church and in the community. He was choir leader of 60 voices; stake clerk of Wasatch Stake; Supt. of Heber Sunday School; Bishop of West Ward for many years; school teacher (was paid $2.50 per term); built a shingle mill in Daniels Canyon; member of 20th quorum of Seventys; Justice of the Peace; High councilman; farmer; homesteaded 160 acres of land east of Heber; loved music and people and developed an orchestra in his own home; loved to dance the square dances and quadrilles. He read the bumps on the heads of people, called phrenology. Grandfather Clegg was arrested once for being a polygamist, and taken to the Park City jail but was not incarceated there but was returned home free andunharmed. Their homes were always open to everyone, and I'm sure, they enjoyed life because they had so many friends and loved ones around them constantly. Their descendants have inherited many of their fine qualities. There is a degree of leadership among the family and are inclined, therefore, to lead rather than follow, general opinions and sentiment. They are free thinkers, and very little jealousy exists among them. There is a quality of stubborness which appears in some of them and, at times, makes the person obstinate and unyielding. They are all good loyal citizens of the country and church. Grandfather Clegg died August 30, 1894 in Heber, Utah, age 69. He was the second oldest living member of the church from the 'Old World' at the time of his death. His funeral procession was the longest ever seen in Wasatch County. It included

120 teams and wagons besides many who walked in the lead. The funeral of Grandma Clegg was one I remember. To me it was a large procession also - many cars and people with all the grandchildren marching also. Grandma Maggie led a good life and reared a large family (11). She passed away July 29, 1929 (89) at Heber, Utah. All mourned the loss of these good people.

I should like to insert this bit of verse at this time written by myself.

I like the memories of the old Clegg home
With the Mercantile store right next door,
Where, as kids, we'd visit and play around
Eating 'hard tack' till our jaws were sore.

The well in back was a temptation great-
Just to peek over and look down in,
The round wall was dark and mossy and green,
But the water - so good from the tin.

The board walk seemed endless as 'round it went
From the front porch and down to the back -
And on to the 'Shanty' beyond the gate
Not a nail nor a board did it lack.

Yellow roses and lilacs grew so well
On the fence and porch railings with care-
And even climbed to the top of the roof
Emiting sweet fragrance in the air.

Everyone gatheres at Grandma Clegg's house
And were entertained royally there-
Where the pies and cakes and puddings were shared-
And a hand out to tramps was not rare.

There she would sit in her big rocking chair-
White apron over black satin dress.
Who's making that noise or running too fast?
One by one we'd have to confess.

But to me the memory of Christmas
With her grandchildren all gathered 'round-
Is a time I shall always remember-
A present for each one there, we found.

I like these memories of days gone by
Of families who saw want and strife.
Faith, love, and wisdom-a heritage great-
They left me to help enrich my life.

NAMES OF THE CHILDREN OF GRANDFATHER CLEGG AND HANNAH EASTHAM:

Thomas	born December 25, 1844	died January 6, 1853
Israel Eastham	born March 30, 1847	
Henry James	born February 22, 1852	died 1855

NAMES OF CHILDREN OF HENRY CLEGG AND ANN LEWIS:

John Henry Lewis	born November 15, 1856	died June 22,1930
William Johnathan	born May 6, 1859	
Frederick Lewis	born August 6, 1861	
Lewis Priest	born September 29, 1864	died July 14,1865
Franklin	born July 8, 1866	died February 19, 1868
Amelia Ann	born January 19, 1869	
Ellen Juventa	born July 22, 1871	died March 11, 1917
Cardwell	born June 17, 1874	died August 29, 1876
Brigham	born December 30, 1876	
Carlie	born October 13, 1880	
Henrietta	born dead 1883	

NAMES OF HENRY CLEGG AND MARGARET ANN GRIFFITHS CLEGG:

Thomas	born September 13, 1858
Herbert Lorenzo	born July 5, 1860
Margaret Ann	born January 20, 1863
Henry James	born September 1864
Hannah Mary	born March 1867
George Almon	born January 4, 1870
Charles David	born July 21, 1872
Josephus	born August 9, 1875
Heber	born June 14, 1878
Levi Webb	born April 28, 1879
Jane Elenor	born November 19, 1881

Now for a brief history of my maternal ancestors. The Smith line dates very far back, even to William Smith, brother of Captain John Smith who was rescued by Pocohantos, to Thomas Smith, governor of the state of Maryland for one term. Some served in wars at different periods of time. They were loyal, hard-working Americans. My great, great grandfather was knighted. His name was Sir George Thomas Smith who married Lear Agee. (I cannot give the details for his knighthood). Their son, Richard, born September 19, 1792 at Holland River, Tennessee, married Dianna Braswell. She was born October 11, 1797, Greenville, South Carolina. They were the first of this line to join the church. One of their children - they were blessed with twelve children - Thomas, is my grandfather. He was born February 25, 1827 in Gibson Co. Tennessee and died March 17, 1898, Heber, Utah. He married my grandmother, Sarah Frampton. She was born November 14, 1831, Clay Co., Missouri and died December 3, 1893, Heber, Utah. When grandfather was a young lad of 15 the family moved to Nauvoo, Ilionis. The Latter Day Saints (Mormons) were being persecuted constantly, and for this reason the family lived the short time of four years in Nauvoo before they were driven out of the state. They had lived there long enough to buy land, and had the deeds to the property. During the fighting everything was lost or stolen, and they were never allowed to get their land back. From Nauvoo the family crossed the Mississippi River and settled in Iowa for a while. With everything lost it took a little while,plus hard work, to secure outfits with which to travel west with the Saints. At Mt. Pisgah they found the necessary means to get the rigs. My grandfather saw the Prophet Joseph Smith many times during his life there. He also saw the bodies of the prophet and his brother,Hyrum, after they had been so cruelly murdered by the angry mobs. He remembers seeing the shower of stars that fell in 1833 - frightening many Saints who regarded it as an omen or prophetic sign of sort. Grandfather, with others, testified that he saw the water in a small creek near Carthage jail, where the prophet was slain, turn to the color of blood. This Smith family suffered

bitter hardships, but it was the time that such great persecution was being meted out to the Mormons by the people - officers of the government, among others -. The Ridhard Smith family lived in Mt. Pisgah for four years. It was here that Thomas Smith (son) married Sarah Frampton. She with her family suffered great hardships also. But a history of the Frampton people.

The name Frampton signifies a fortified farmstead. They date back to 1066 and the Norman Conquest. They are of Saxon and Welsh blood. The principal seat of the English Framptons was Dorsetshire. Frampton was knighted and had a coat of arms. Many people of fame and fortune are descendents of these people. At present the head of Frampton house is Lord Fetherstonehaugh, Frampton of Frampton Court, House of Moreton. In the days of William Penn, a William Frampton became a Quaker and emigrated to America. He became a large land holder in New York and later in Philadelphia. He was one of the Registrars General of Pa. under William Penn and was Keeper of the Great Seal. He Married an Elizabeth Potter. Three children were born to them, Elizabeth, Sarah, and Thomas. I shall follow just my line here.

Thomas and wife, Elizabeth Ellis had three children also, Hannah, John, and another child who died in infancy. John married Elizabeth Critchfield. They had a family of eight children, of whon Samuel was one. Samuel and wife Nancy Kelly, had ten children one of which was David, my great grandfather. David was born September 13, 1796 in Derry Township, Miffin Co., Pa. David Frampton married Rachel Brush in 1816, and to this union seven children were born. Rachel died rather young, 26 years old, and a year later David married an Elizabeth Hough, who is my great grandmother. She was born January 27, 1794 in Miffin Co., Pa. To them were born two children, daughters - Elizabeth Ann and Sarah, (my grandmother). David Frampton, my greatgrandfather, had joined the Mormon faith, along with his parents. Elizabeth, his second wife, reared the children left by the death of the first wife, Rachel Brush. When the children grew older, and realized their father

and mother belonged to the Mormon Church they turned against them. As they were out in the woods, getting fire wood for the stove, the two older boys, Isaac and William, stole the two younger boys, David and Samuel. They were not seen again by their parents. (I hope to learn of this sad experience some day). The family was persecuted ever after, and were driven from pillar to post. At one time great-grandfather was sentenced to jail because he was a Mormon. At one time he was in the Liberty Jail, Missouri, the same time that the prophet was there. Upon one occasion the mob came and drove the family out of their home and gave them a short time to get away. They crossed the river for safety of their lives. Greatgrandfather had a gun and a Book of Mormon and the mob told him he was a good man but to throw away the book and gun and they wouldn't molest them anymore. David Frampton said that he would die first than to part with them or denounce Mormonism. He ran and buried the book and gun in the sand and never saw them again. He was afraid to go back for them. He was under persecution constantly until his death in January 29, 1843. His death was caused by a falling log as he was out cutting wood for the fire. The widow of David Frampton, Elizabeth Hough, with her two young daughters, traveled to Utah by ox team. One daughter, Sarah, 14 years old, drove two yoke of oxen across the plains. They settled in Provo, later in Springville and then in Heber, Utah.

Thomas C. Smith and Sarah Frampton were blessed with ten children:

Mary Elizabeth	October 6, 1851	married to	John Rooker
John A. Smith	May 16, 1854		Matilde Duke
Sarah Irenda	February 10, 1857		Jonas Humes
Amanda Jane	July 12, 1859		Wm. Horner
Annie L.	July 2, 1863		Wm. Bell
Martha Ellen	April 20, 1866		John H.L. Clegg
Liza La Verna	July 11, 1868		John Van Wagener
Dempsa Matilda	April 11, 1872		Wm. Baird
Thomas De Vera	August 23, 1874		Lucretia Moulton
James Richard	February 23, 1880		Gertrude Pearson

Mother was the sixth child of this union. She was born in a log house (has since been razed) which stood on a corner on North Main Street, Heber Utah.
(has since been razed) which stood on a corner on North Main Street, Heber, Utah.

The house had no floors - just dirt floors. Her parents were among the first to settle in Heber Valley. Her childhood life was one of poverty and hardships. Each of the children had responsibilities to perform. Early in life Mother knew what it meant to be hungry, so she tried hard to lighten the worry and grieve of her parents by doing things to add to the meager supply of food. Very she gleaned wheat in the fields, picked hops, which were sold in Salt Lake City, and gathered mustard and dandelions and green for the family table. She, with her sisters, would gather cherries, dry them, and grind them to make pies. At Christmas time her mother would bake sweet rolls - a real treat indeed. It was about the only time they could have a real meal to eat. Mother milked cows and then drove them to the pasture. Her father was never physically strong so was not able to do farm work. Instead he worked in Hatch Store for many years. He had the name of Honest Tom Smith. Mother's schooling consisted of a few years in what was called the Lower School House, located in the southwest part of town. Her teachers were Sam Wing, Mr. Selton, [illegible] Smith (sister) and Dav[illegible] Murdock. Mother was a hard worker and did house work in the homes in Heber. She, unselfishly turned most of her meager earnings over to her mother. For two summers she worked at the Clegg Sawmill bunching shingles, and a third summer she worked at Campbell's Sawmill. Her weekly earning were between $2.00 and $3.00. The first summer she was paid her wages in a $20.00 gold piece. This she gave to her mother to buy necessary cloths and to go to the temple in Salt Lake City. However grandmother was never able to make the trip and do this work that she wanted so badly to do. At the time of grandmother's death she still had the $20.00. This money was used to buy her a set of beautiful burial clothes. Mother had many faith promoting experiences and she often told us children. One important one occured in her life when she was very young. She had been out one evening, and returned to find her mother quite ill. This was not too unusual, because grandmother's health was not too good at any time, so mother retired. She was suddenly awakened from her sleep by a

voice which told her to arise. She felt a heavy pressure on her head. She awoke but was soon asleep again. The same thing happened again and when she heard the voice again she jumped from her bed. It seemed like something was guiding her foot steps to a cupboard where she mixed certain liquids and gave it to her mother. Some thing had guided her hand to get the things that she did. She could not see as they had no lights. Her mother drank the medicine and immediately she was relieved of pain. Her mother thanked her and said that she knew a short time before that she was surely dieing. Another experience she often related was when her son, Cardwell, was on his mission, he needed money, but there was none to be had. However, while straightening the cupboard shelves, mother found some money in a cup which had not been there before. Since no one in the family could account for it, she sent it to Cardwell.

Mother met Father while working at the Clegg Shingle Mill. She thought that he was one of the ugliest men she had seen, until they fell in love and were married. Mother was a pretty lady. I've asked old time people in Heber for information regarding her life, and without exception, the response would be these words, "Your mother was a good woman, a pretty girl and a beautiful lady, not only from without but from within." She loved to dance but couldn't afford dancing shoes. She just had one pair of shoes, so she danced in her bare feet. Her hair was usually combed in waves about her face and she would use a little butter for cream to keep her curls in place.

My father, John Henry Lewis Clegg, was born in a two room, dirt floor, log house. When he was 2 years old his parents, under the advice of Brigham Young, moved to Springville, Utah. While in this town my father, when 10 years of age, took part in the Black Hawk War. This was a fight between the Indians and the Whites. My grandfather was the band leader, and my father would take a drum and beat it while running from one house to another, warning the families of the approaching Indians. He would tell them to go to a certain place where they would get protection. In 1871, father helped haul wood to Fort Douglas by ox team.

On April 16, 1872, the Henry Clegg family moved to Heber. During this year he helped his father haul freight into the Uinta Basin for the Indians. He was the oldest child of Henry and Ann Clegg, and he assumed responsibility in helping the family financially. He was a little bashful, slow to join in the fun with others, but it is said of him that much of this 'reserved' attitude was because he felt, so deeply, his desire and need to help his father support other members of his family that he spent his time and thoughts on work. Two younger brothers and a sister were married before John was. For years father hauled wood into Salt Lake City by wagon (ox). A good camping spot in the city was on a vacant block where the City and County Building now stands. He also hauled wood to the Ontario Mines in Park City by ox team. This required three days traveling. The shingles which were made at the Clegg mill were of white pine and red pine and lasted many years through all kinds of weather. An informant told me some of the old barns and houses in Heber still had the original shingles on the roofs - after fifty years exposure to all the elements. The cost per 1000 was $1.74. Father's schooling consisted of three years training - mostly by his father who taught school for seven years. Father was never idle, and while resting he would have the dictionary right handy to read. He was well read and could 'stump' us children on many problems.

On January 1, 1889, two exciting events took place in Heber, Utah. First, it was the wedding day of John and Martha, my parents, and second, there was a total eclipse of the sun. Mother has often remarked of hearing the roosters crowing during the ceremony. The marriage was performed by Abram Hatch in the Clegg home on Main St. and 2nd South. A seminary building now stands on this corner. The courtship of mother and father extended over a period of ten years. Marriage was considered, but father felt the need of assisting his father and then too, he had hoped he could have a home built for his bride when and if they were married. Mother was 23 years old and father was 33 years old at the time of their marriage. Two rooms of the house were completed, enough for the two to begin

life as one. The barn however was completed - it to a farmer depending on cattle for food had to have a warm place for them during the cold winter months. More rooms were added to the house as time went on. The house was built on a lot on the southwest corner of the half block which he owned. This land had been purchased a few years before their marriage.

Mother looked beautiful in her hand made wedding gown of white cashmere and lace. It was a two piece creation, the skirt had an over skirt of draped folds falling from one side to back and around to side again. A lace edging about 4 inches wide, hemmed this over skirt. Many knife pleats 1 inch wide served as a hem on bottom of underskirt. Under this exquisite skirt Mother wore a wire bustle. Her waist was a tight fitting jacket fastened with tiny pearl buttons twenty four in number. I have always looked with envy and pride at the beautiful button holes made. They were perfect. Leg of mutton sleeves, edged with more lace, completed the tight waisted top. An extra piece of material fell from the shoulder seam to hem, the top 6 inches of this consisted of beautiful smocking. On her head she wore a wreath of waxex orange blossoms and viel. Mother kept the wreath or crown, in her dresser shelf, and we could take it and admire it any time we wanted to.

The land they purchased was located at 6th South and Main. A house (the Clyde home) was opposite them on the other side of the street. Mary, (Mrs. Clyde) and Mother became dear friends and neighbors, and shared in the pioneer spirit at that time. Sage brush surrounded their homes which served as a fine hideout for the Indians. Their presence frightened these two women very much. The Indians would come to beg for food. Mother would always have something to satisfy them, but thoy lived in fear of the Red Man. Even while I was a little girl I remember the Indians pounding on the side of our home or sometimes on the door, and ask for food..."Kim me biscuit". We had been told to be kind to them and they wouldn't hurt us.

Father had acquired land just one mile east of the home. His father had home-steaded some land (160 acres) east of this property which was divided among

the brothers (some) but Father had not received any of this land so he had to buy his. Here again Father did not want to take anything if it meant lessening the power of productiveness for someone else. He bought his land from a Mr. Clotworthy in 1886. Later he purchased a ten acre plot adjoining his first plot. Father helped in the shingle mill of his father's, this brought in a little money. He raised everything for the table that he could. His great pride was in his wheat field, and when an unexpected rain storm or hail storm would sweep through the valley and lay the tall stocks down, there was sorrow and great concern in the entire family. He was considered an excellent farmer. His crops consisted of wheat, oats, alfalfa, sugar beets, potatoes, onions. In the garden at home everything that would grow in the valley was planted. We had raddish, onions, parsnips, strawberries, blackberries, currants, peas, beets, carrots, lettuce, rubarb, beans, turnips, plums, pears, apples, cucumbers, tomatoes, gooseberries, and Dad even had some peanuts and watermelon at times. Of course we had plenty of potatoes also. There was a large potatoe pit in the upper lot which held enough potatoes for the family, then, too, Dad would sell some of them. It was our job as young children to cut the potatoes up for the spring planting, we had to make sure that each piece had an eye in it. Father was a good cattleman also and kept cattle on the open range during the summer months. At 'round up' time the animals were brought in and sold or butchered for the winter's meat supply. He raised his own sheep and hogs. He has always been a good provider and with Mother's cooking and preserving, etc. our cellar shelves were full. We had several hundred quarts of fruit, pickles, vegetables, and preserves and jellies for the family's use. Once when Father didn't have too many cattle for the range - fifteeen in number - there was one white steer that was too thin to go. Father decided to keep this one at home and feed it and care for it. Shortly after the other cattle were driven off, this white steer jumped the fence and went along. He was the only animal to retunr - the others, well, no one knows. This was a great disappointment to Father, and the beef for

the table that winter was a little scarce.

There was a big celebration when the 'parlor' was completed and the folks had a party. Of course there were no baby sitters at that time so one room was provided for the small children, and babies who slept most of the time. One lady took the wrong baby home and she nor the 'lost' mother didn't know of the switch until the following morning. This incident was a much talked of event for many years, and caution was foremost in the minds of the parents attending social gatherings after that.

It was the same year of his marriage, 1889, that Dad, with others, discovered the lakes at the head of the Provo River. In 1901 he built the road on the west fork of the Duchesne with but little funds with which to pay for the work. He was road supervisor of Wasatch Co. for several years and he helped build practically all of the roads in the county. Father was always interested in the water system. He served as water master, advisor, and for many years was president of the Wasatch Irrigation Co. Father knew of the value of harnessing the waters of the rivers which head at the lakes. So in 1889 the building of two dams were begun, Trial and Washington. For some reason Salt Lake protested and the work had to be done over. In 1908 the plans were approved and work was started again. Dad supervised all the work on Washington and helped with the others. Wall, Trial, etc. The main work was completed by 1913, but Father worked on until 1919 and long after that he spent time, each summer, at the head of the Provo and lived in a log cabin at the south side of Trial Dam. My brother Cardie, was interested at an early age, in this same work, so he took over some of the care of the waters that had been the love and concern of my father for so many years. During all of his life Father was associated with the water system. As was stated, he was president of the Wasatch Irrigation Co. for many years, an office he held at the time of his death.

Father's church activities were not outstanding, but he encouraged his

family in doing things they were called upon to do. He lived his religion and set a wonderful example of righteous living. Father was very emotional and sentimental and tears would come to his eyes even when he heard the singing of the hymns.

Mother was a faithful church worker. She had 100% record of eleven years as a ward Relief Society teacher. She was vice president of the Central Camp of the Daughters of the Pioneers, this organization she helped organize in Heber Valley.

Mother and Father were both kind and loving companions, and taught their children love. The only punishment Father administered to us was by way of a good, but gentle talk. "Come here, my pet," would always be his opening remarks, each one of his children was a PET to him. We would then come to him and would have to stand just so, one foot had to be placed not too close to the other foot, etc. We'd have to look him straight in the eye and tell him the trouble. If we needed a spanking Dad would take the lobe of our ear gently and we'd be on our way. The talking did us more good than anything else. Of course, Mother would have to switch us once in a while when we deserved it.

Mother had to carry water for all household purposes for several years. It was brought from a well owned by Joseph Moulton. During the winter, snow was melted and used for many things. The Saturday night bath was one thing that snow water was used for, also washing clothes, etc. Mother was in much demand as a nurse, and helped bring babies into the world. The town doctor has said he would rather have Mother assist him than to have a trained nurse. Mother was a fine seamstress. She learned it all from her mother who taught her at an early age to sew for herself. Very early she made her own clothes and helped the others with theirs. Mother was paid well by some townspeople for making tailored clothes. She often made beautiful doll clothes for the richer people in town. It was at

this time that I resolved, secretly, that I would learn to sew for myself. I often helped Mother with some of her paid sewing. Mother liked music and wanted some musical instrument for the home where her children could learn to play and enjoy. Their money for such things was scarce but she saved her egg money that Dad said she could have and bought an organ. Everyone in the family has learned to play the organ and later the piano.

Mother and Father were truly pioneers in the Heber Valley and did much to improve the condition of the valley. They were good neighbors and friends to everyone. We children have been blessed greatly by their counsel and direction. We each have been well trained to assume responsibilities in our own home. My parents were known for their honesty, loyalty, kindness, generosity, and hard work. Besides her own large family of ten, Mother took into our home several unfortunate children to rear and mother them as her own. After the death of her mother, she kept her father, who was in poor health, for five years until his death. Mother and Father loved to have their children around them, in fact they liked everyone to have fun and would have many parties in their home. It was a great time for us 'kids' when there was a party because we could sit on the stair steps and watch the fun from there. We'd look through beautiful velvet portieres and laugh at the things the guests did.

Father passed away at the age of 74 (1856 - 1930) in the L D S Hospital in Salt Lake City. Mother passed away at the age of 64 (1866 - 1930) in Ventura, California while visiting her daughter, Ruth. Annie lived near and Bernice was visiting also. Her death occured the same day as that of her mother's, just 36 years later. It was truly a great loss to have both parents called home within six months, but I think that that was the way they wanted it. They were so close in this life and Dad could do little without the help of Mother. Father wanted her with him on earth, so in death, they wanted to be near each other. Both had

lived a good life and the children are proud of their parentage and of their heritage. We are trying to carry on as they would have us do.

Jane Hatch Turner, a most cherished friend of Mother's, spoke at her funeral and read the following lines which she had composed for the occasion.

My Friend Has Gone Away

The Master's call is answered,
She's homeward bound today,
To meet at Heaven's station
Her loved one forever.

The school of life has ended -
Her diploma, she has earned;
Departed classmates waiting,
Her coming they have yearned.

Yes, others long to meet her -
Father, mother, husband, son,
Daughters, pioneers will greet her,
They are waiting her to come.

A welcome guest, no stranger,
She's known them every one,
On earth they gathered 'round her,
Oft welcomed at her home.

Her greeting was sincere here,
Her voice was full of cheer,
Her smile would make one happy
When everything seemed drear.

She ne'er complained; her worries
She never spoke about;
She strove to make all happy
Within her home and out.

So on this homeward journey,
We feel that all is well;
And in the Father's mansion
With loved ones she will dwell.

"Farewell, and God be with you,"
'Till we all meet again;
Goodbye Martha, Heaven's blessings
On your family, fall like rain.

This we pray and know our answer
Will not fail, nor be in vain.
Faith and hope will never leave us -
Farewell now, we'll Meet again.

CHILDREN OF JOHN AND MARTHA CLEGG

John Douglas	born March 23, 1890	died February 23, 1902
Henry Cardwell	born November 16, 1891	
Martha Ellen (Mattie)	born September 5, 1893	
Sarah Ann	born September 2, 1895	
Mary Ramona	born October 19, 1898	
Ruth	born August 16, 1900	
Bessie	born September 6, 1903	
Sheila	born December 20, 1904	died January 25, 1908
Camille	born October 24, 1908	
Bernice	born December 8, 1911	

CHILDREN'S FAMILIES

Henry Cardwell

Marion Garland Davis born December 6, 1896
Married December 21, 1921 - endowed September 6, 1922
Salt Lake City

Marjorie Ellen born June 20, 1923
Married Vern Adix - divorce
Married James Jerrett
1. Devin
2.

Lillian Patricia born May 22, 1925
Married Don[illegible] Christiansen
1. Jon
2. Chris
3. Eric

John Cardwell born September 19, 1927
Married Helen Truman
1. Scotty
2. Paul
3.

Jerald Stephen born September 29, 1933

Carol Ann born December 26, 1937
Married La Vel Johnson

Martha Ellen (Mattie)

George Shumway born April 1, 1887
Married September 17, 1917

Eloise born October 17, 1918 died October 17, 1918